When wolves and tygers howl for prey
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful;
The angels most heedful,
Recieve each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lions ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries
And walking round the fold:
Saying: wrath by his meekness
And by his health sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

And now beside thee bleating lamb
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on him who bore thy name
Graze after thee and weep.
For washd in lifes river
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.

The Little Boy lost

Father, father where are you going
O do not walk so fast.
Speak father, speak to your little boy
Or else I shall be lost.

The night was dark no father was there
The child was wet with dew.
The mire was deep, & the child did weep
And away the vapour flew.